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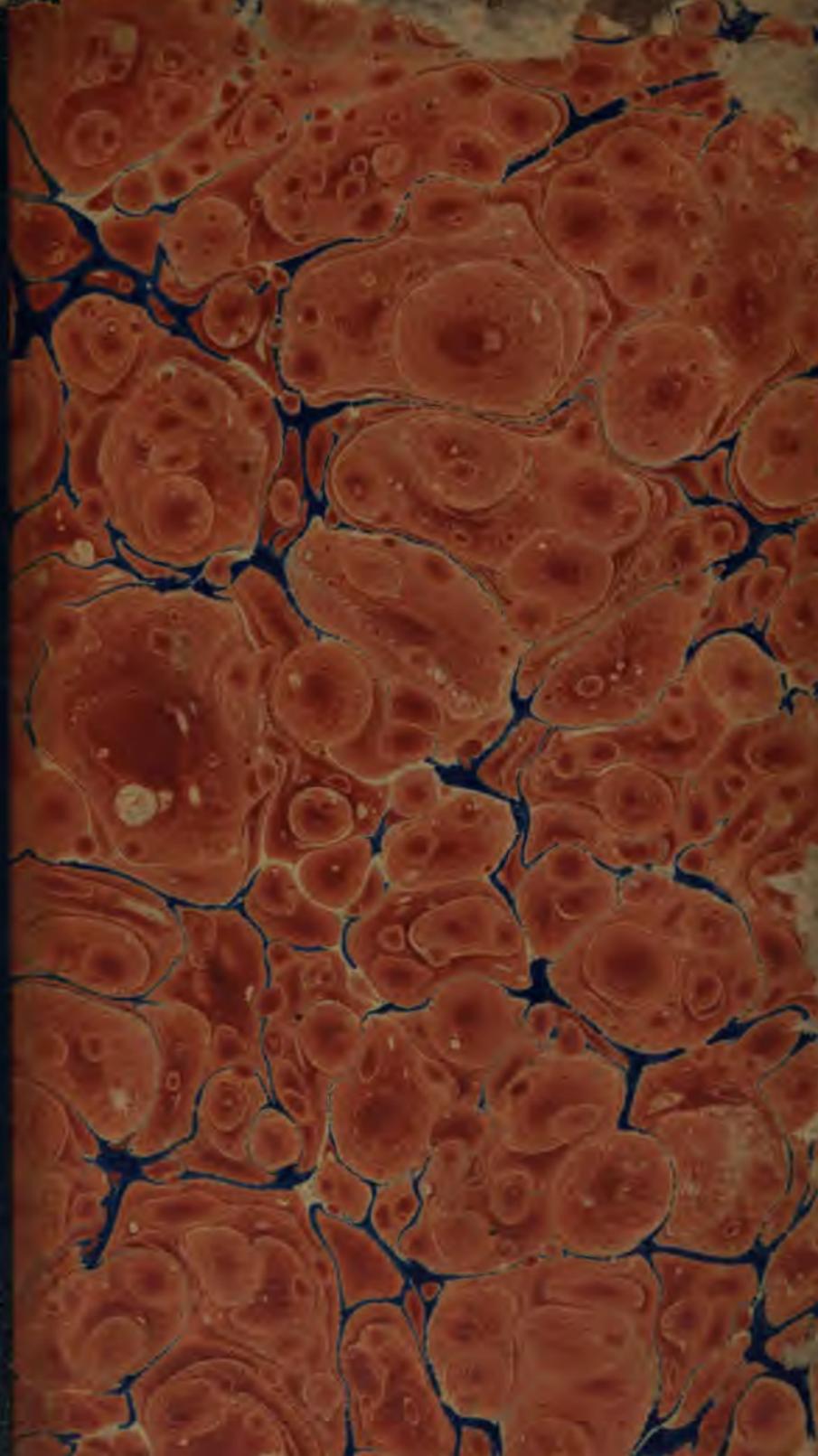
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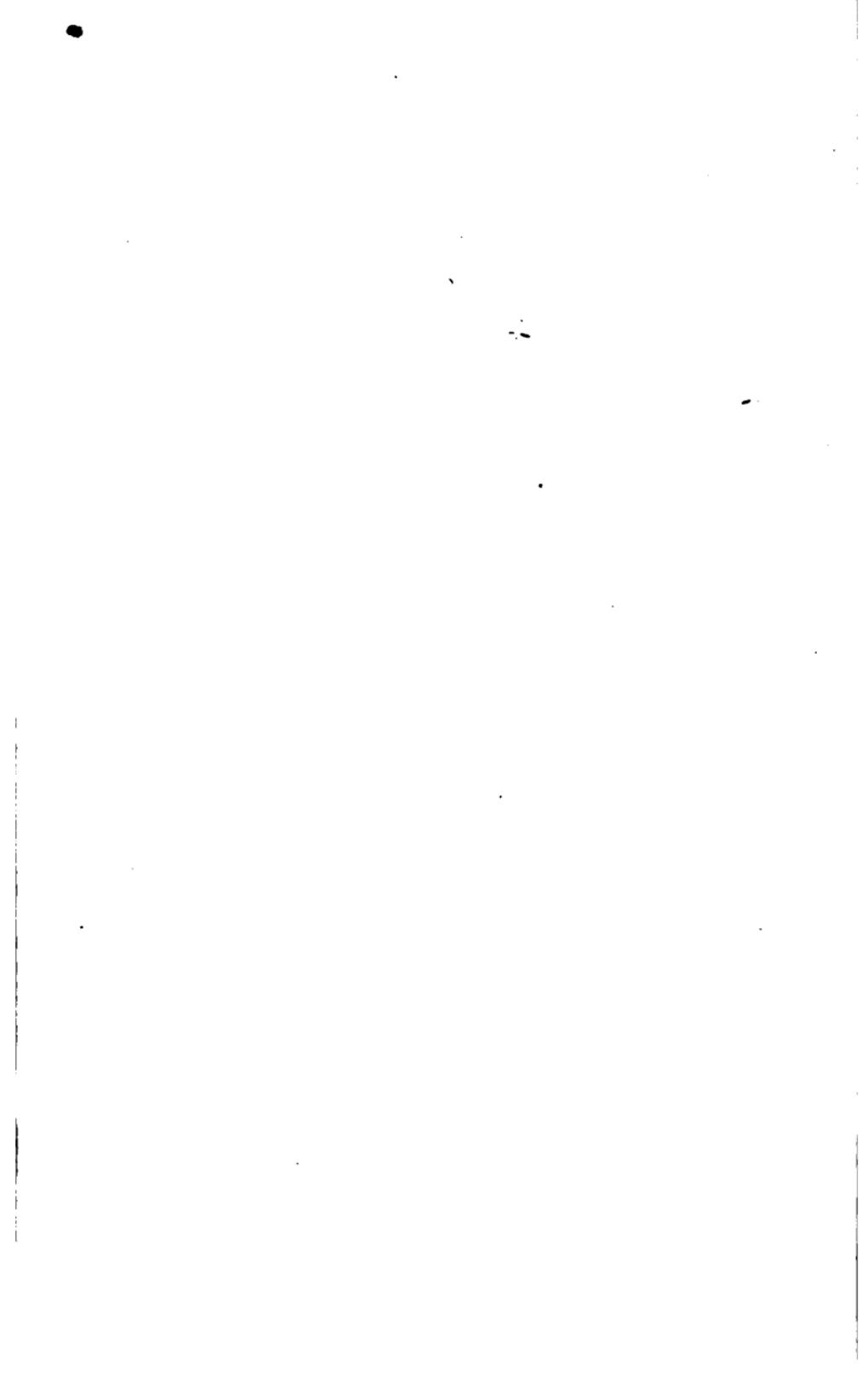
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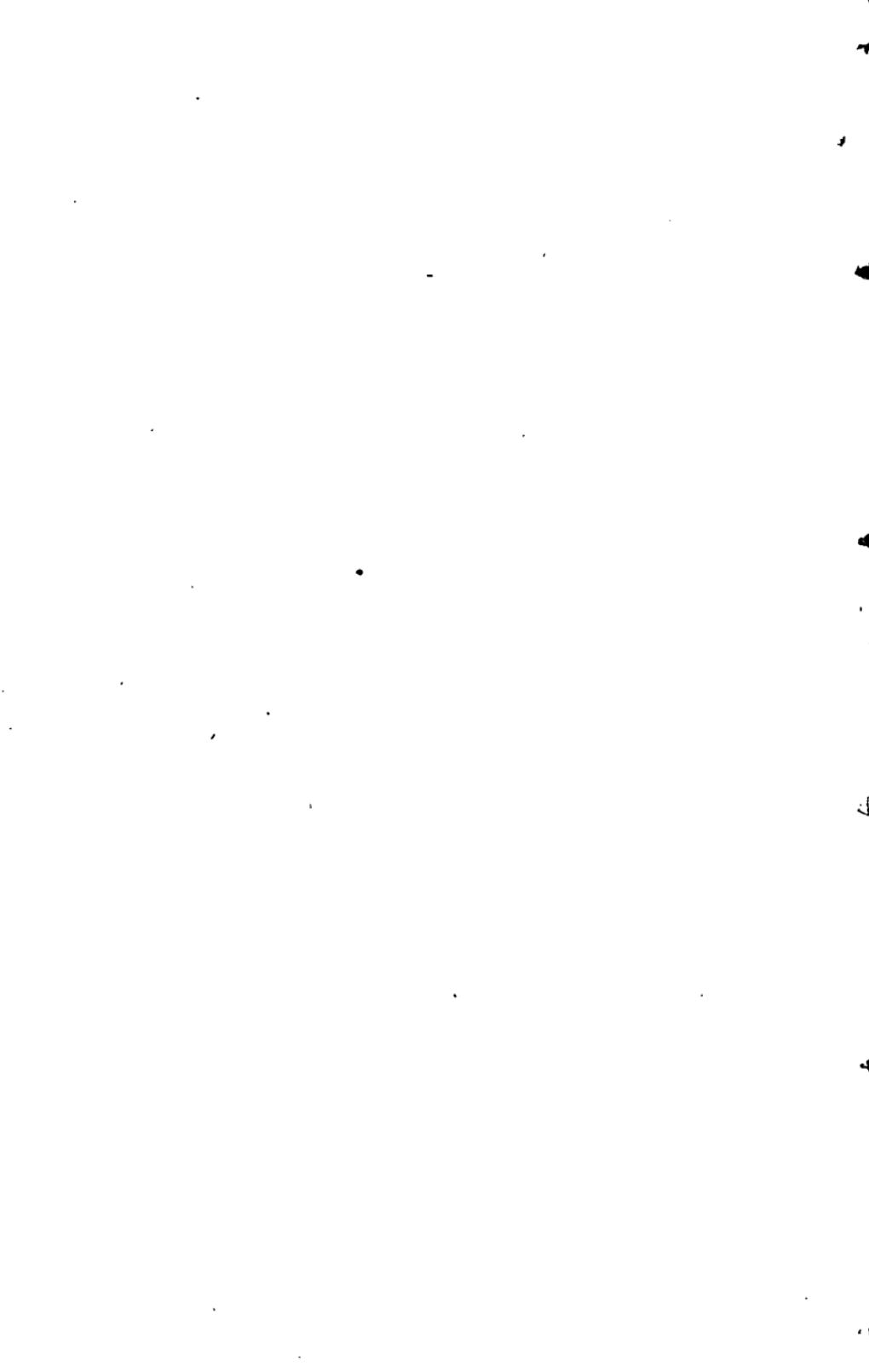


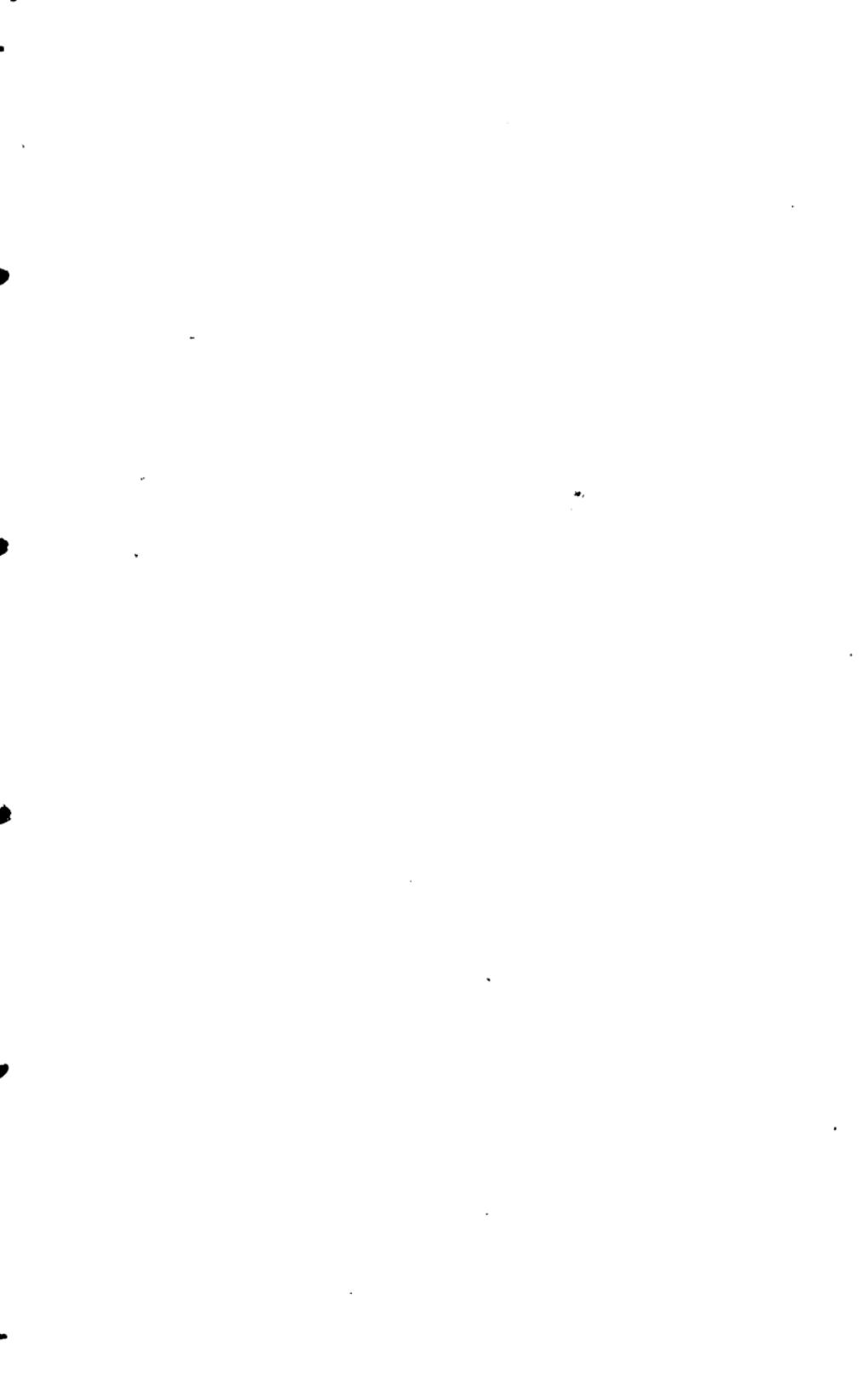


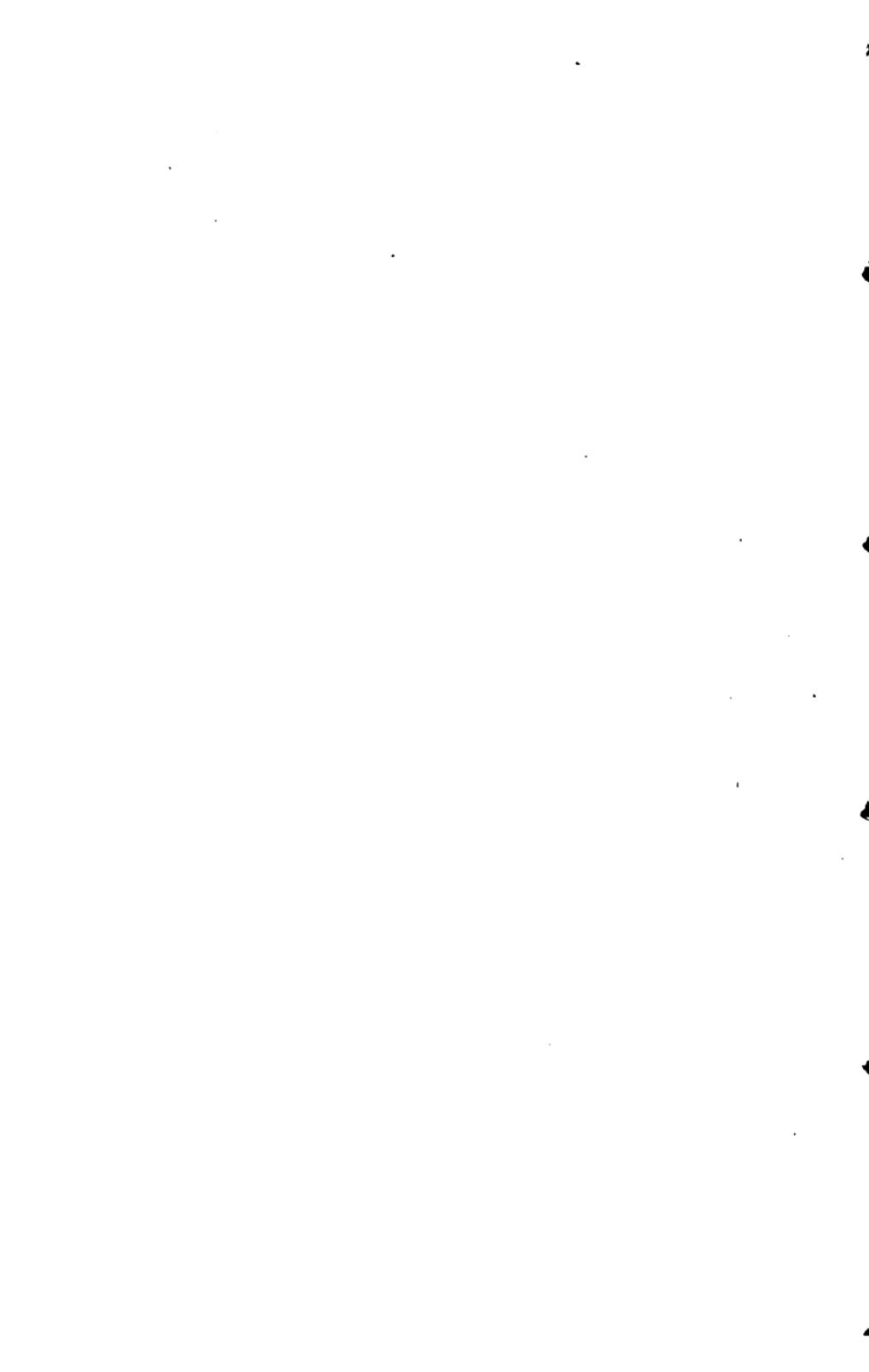


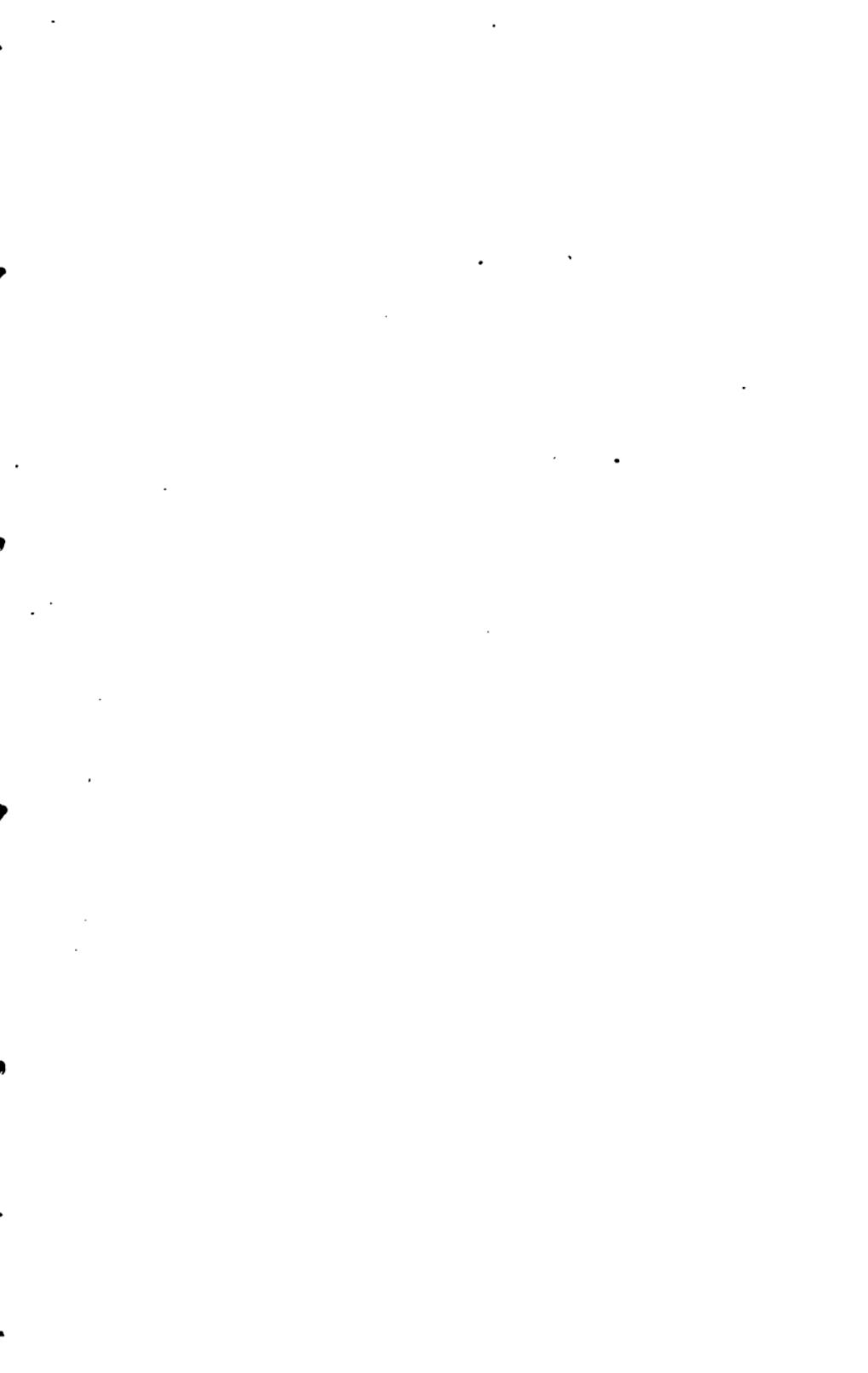


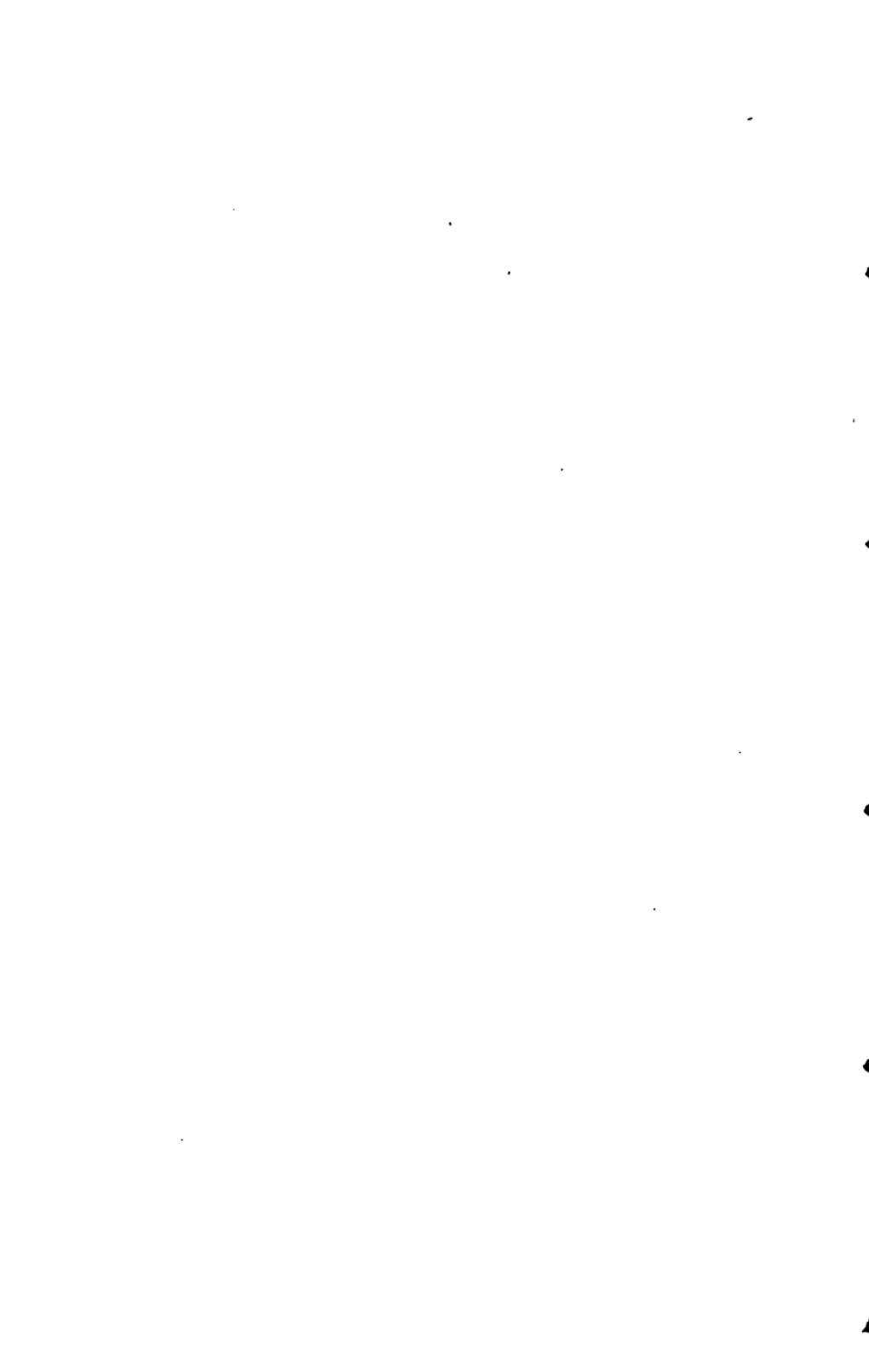
14

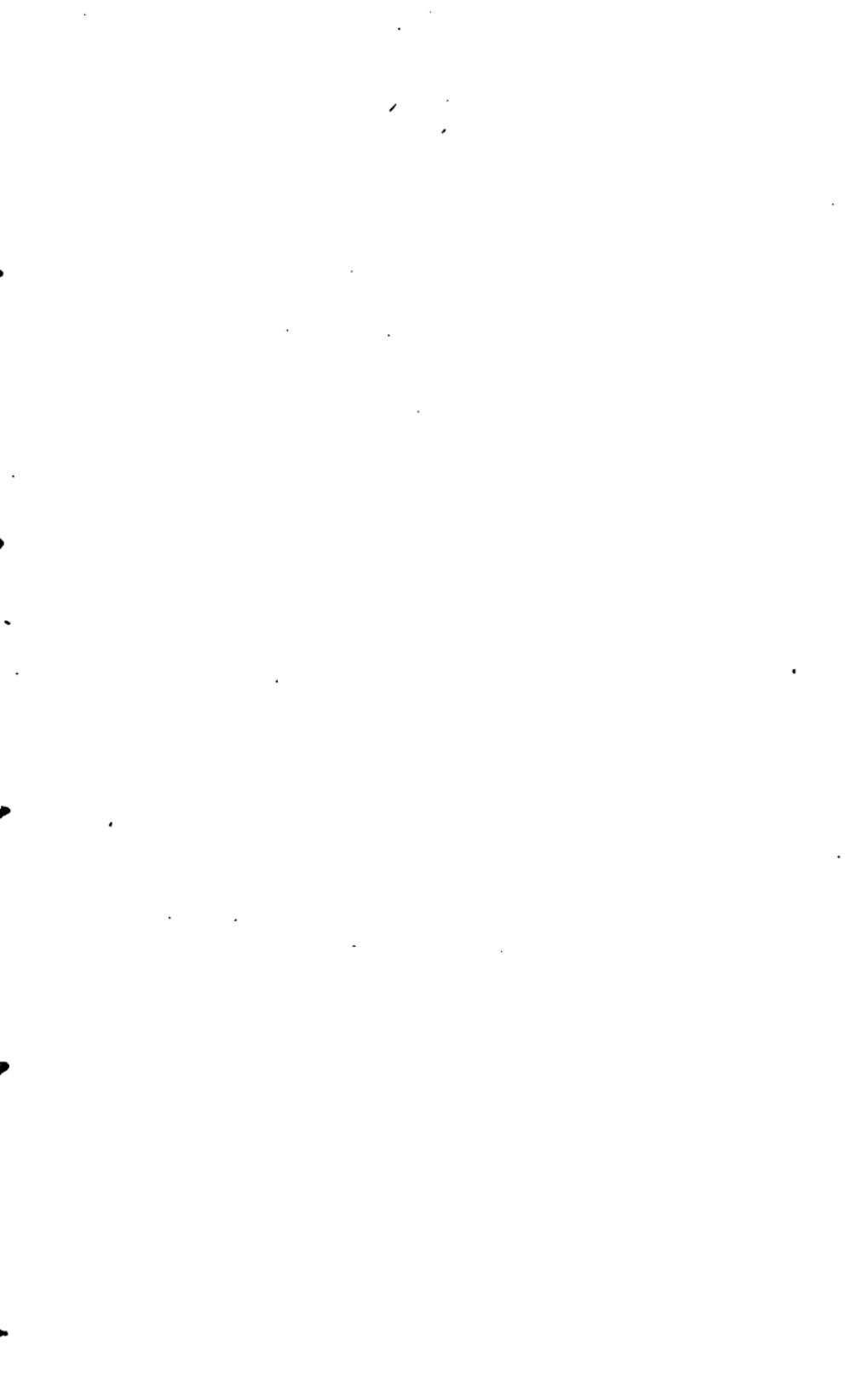


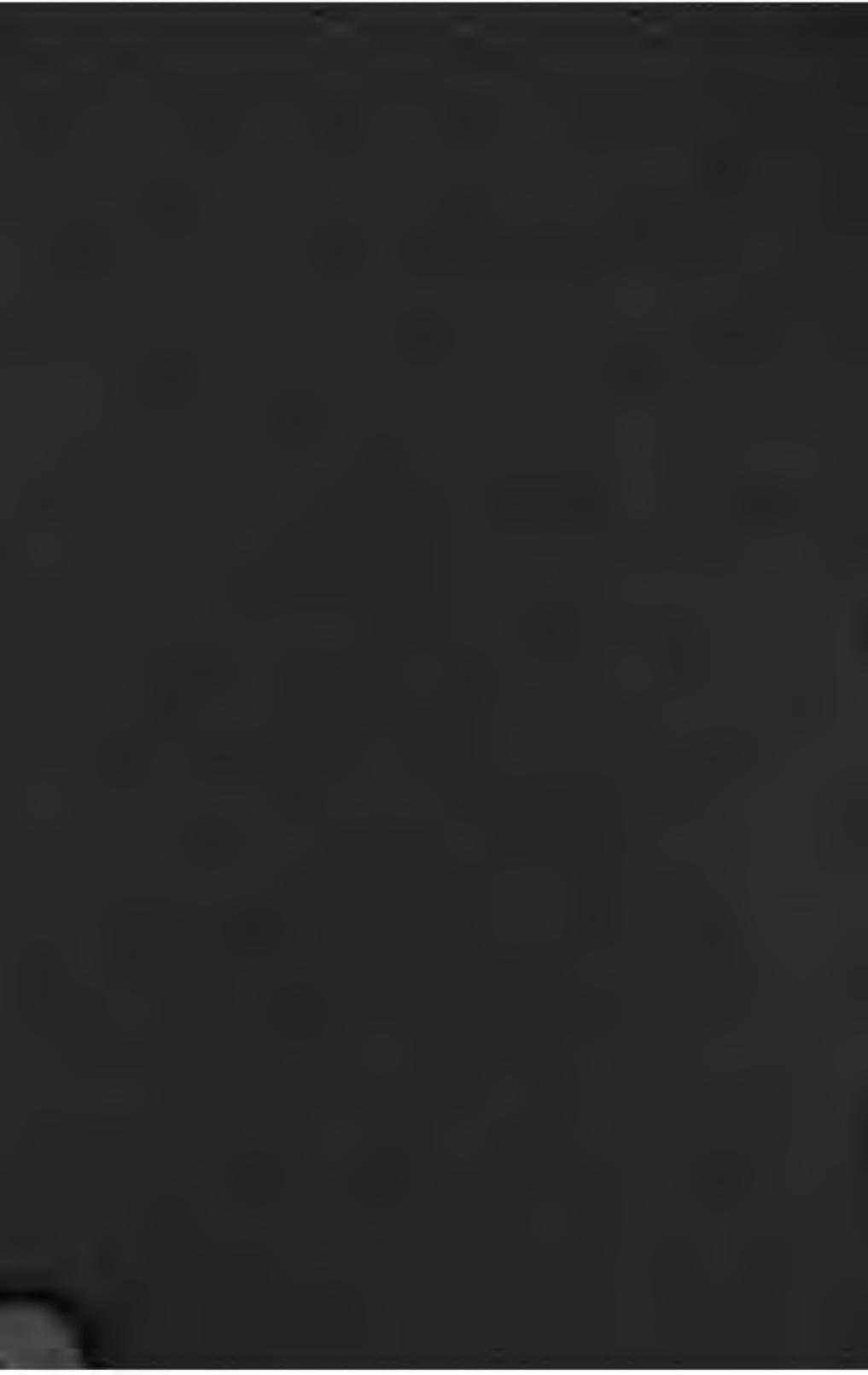












A

COLLECTION OF PIECES

IN THE

DIALECT OF ZUMMERZET.



EDITED BY

JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, ESQ.

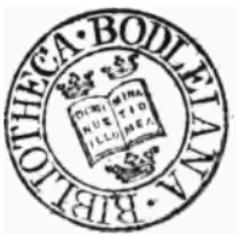
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THE VISIT

OF A

ZUMMERZET MAN TO LONDON.

[From MS. Ashm. 36, fol. 112—113.—Seventeenth century.]

At Taundeane Lond I woz a bore and a bred,
Vor to tell yow the troth my name is a call'd Ned ;
Cham noe Annabaptist, Ice can't abide them,
Vor Ice chaxe a received my trew cizzendom.
Chill den my to boots and my zord by my zide,
Vor unto London Ice doe mean vor to ride ;
Ice tould vather and mother should zee thick vine toun,
Chill ztay thare a ville and then chood come douine.
Chad a zore mind to zee thick zame holy thorne,
And vaith when Ice come thare Ice did zeeke vorn ;
But thay tould mee that Joseph had a bin thare avore mee,
But Ice chod not a vind Joseph nor yet the tree.
Not var vrom thick place chad a zpide grote hill,
And a tower on the zame hard by a wind mill ;
Ice clamred up avore chad done,
Then mee thought Ice wor zo high az the zunne.
And az Ice ztood thare O how my hart did quiver,
Chad near a drop a blood a left in my liver ;
Ice zleurd and zleurd and never gave ore,
'Till Ice zleurd me downe to the bellvree dore.
And az Ice ztood upon thick zame motheatn zstars,
Ice did zit upon my neese and I zaid my praires ;
If evor Ice doe come heare againe, Ice zaid,
Chill give thee my mother vor a maid.

Ice azked whooe tooke downe the leads an the beels,
 And thay tould me a doctar that lived abont Wels ;
 In the 7th of Jozhua pray bid them goe looke,
 Chill be hanged if thick same chaptar be not out of his booke.

Vor thare you may reade about Achans wedge,
 How thick zame goolden thing did zeitz teeth an edge,
 'Tis an ominous thing how this church is abused,
 Remember how poor Abbott Whitting was used.

Zoe Ice tooke my leave of thick good old tower,
 But az zoun Ice came to ztonige I was in a dor,
 Vor so many gallowsiz to me did appeare,
 Ice thought the azizes had been keept thare.

Ice tould the ztones nigh twanty t̄mes ore,
 And then Ice waz az wize az I waz bevore ;
 The greatest reathmetizone that eare you did zee
 Can never tell justly how many thare bee.

Then to my Lord Bale's chapell I came,
 And Ice kneeled downe and thought to kitz the zame,
 But Ice zmled a zmell not zo zweet az a roze,
 That the zent a month auter waz not out of my noaz.

You may call this zame building a church if you please,
 But I had rather call it a chapell of eaze,
 Vor zmalle commings in beelong to it, I tell yee,
 And great goings out if vrom a laze belley.

I asked if zome preezt had a lived thare,
 And thay told mee not any thiz threezcore yeare,
 But if I had a bin thare paitron I chod a bin zure
 That zume gifted man zhould have zerved the cure.

Att last the zitty came into my vew,
 And then, to zpake troth, I waz ready to zpew ;
 Thare was zuch a zent about the towne
 That I waz in a zuome and ready to zound.

What with the zmoke and what with the criez,
 I waz amozt blind and dunch in mine eyez,
 Cood yow blame me then to be zad and zorrow,
 It waz like unto Zodome and Gommorrow.

O how the coaches did run up and downe,
 Ice thought zure the Zcottz had acentred the towne ;
 The ztones did zpet vire, and the horzes did vlee,
 As if it had bin dunder and lightning in the zcy.

In sadnes my ztomake began for to rize,
 At the vresh chees and creame and the what pyze,
 The zluts ware zo nasty how cood it be cleane,
 Chad rather a eate whitpot at Taundeane.

Then to the Exchange I went with a whir,
 What lack you, what lack you, thay cried, good zur ;
 A wench, coth I, if with any yow meete,
 And thay zhoed me the way into Turnbol-zstreet.

Ice went into a house and Ice zat me doune,
 Then in came a wench in a tavity goune ;
 Yow tuch pot, Ice tuch penny, shee opens her ware,
 Without ready money Ice must not come thare.

Why then zweethart, if I zhant have they—
 Doe thee keepe thy ware and I'le keep my money ;
 Ice can have one for a quart of wine
 Shall bee zweeter and zounder and better then thine.

In Paules Churchyard chad a zpend an hour,
 In vewing of thick zame goodly tower,
 It did tuch the zcy, or els cham blind,
 Because the zteeple Ice cood not vind.

Ice went in and thought to have valen to praiers,
 But when I cam thare it was like to a vare,
 Vor the durt and the dung that waz thar to be vound
 Would have zoiled at least an acar of ground.

Then to the Bridge I went with a wherry,
 And thare I had small cauz to be merry,
 Vor thay empted a cloaszoolie downe on my hed,
 And in what a zweet caze waz then pore Ned.

But oh how the wattarz did raig an roare,
 Chod a gin any money zo chad bin a zhoare,
 Az long as cham able to goae or ztand,
 Chill ner goae by wattar an vorzake land.

Too Pallaz Garden roe mee, quoth I,
 And thather they carried mee by and by,
 But the doges and the bearez did zo ztinke an vart,
 That a petty qualme came over my hart.

At Westminster Abby thare be vine thinges,
 And thare they zhewed me the tounbes an the kinges,
 But because I cood not a vine Charles the vurste,
 By my troth, my hart waz ready to burst.

Zoe Ice took my leave of thick good ould towne,
 Chad a zpent all my mony and Ice must goe downe,
 Chad a hole budget of newez to relaite,
 To vaither and mother an zistar Kaite.

SOLILOQUY OF BEN BOND, THE IDLETON.

BEN Bond was one of those sons of idleness that ignorance and want of occupation in a secluded country village too often produce. He was a country lad on the borders of sixteen, employed by old Titball, a querulous and suspicious farmer, to look after a large flock of sheep. The scene of his soliloquy may be thus described : a green sunny bank on which one could agreeably repose, called the " Sea Wale :" on the sea side was an extensive common, called " The Wath," and adjoining it another, called " The Island," both were occasionally overflowed by the tide ; on the other side of the bank were rich enclosed pastures, suitable for fattening the finest cattle ; into these enclosures Ben Bond's charge were disposed frequently to stray. The season was June, the time mid-day, and the western breezes came over from the sea, a short distance from which our scene lay, at once cool, grateful, and refreshing. The rushing Parrett, with its ever shifting sands, was also heard in the distance. It should be stated that Lawrence is the name usually given in Somersetshire to the imaginary being who presides over the idle. Perhaps it may be useful also to remark, that the word Idleton, which does not occur in our dictionaries, is assuredly more than a provin-

cialism, and should be in those definite assistants. During the latter part of the soliloquy, Farmer Titball arrives behind the bank, and hearing poor Ben's discourse with himself, interrupts his musings in the manner here described.

SOLILOQUY.—Lawrence? Why doos'n let I up? vot let I up?—Naw, I be a sleapid, I can't leet thee up eel. Now, Lawrence, do let I up.—There bimeby Maester 'll come an a'll beat I athin a minch o' me life, do let I up.—Naw I want. Lawrence I beg o'ee do'ee let I up. D'ye zee, tha sheep be all a breakin droo tha vive-an-twenty yacres, an farmer Staggitt 'll goo to là wi'n, and I shall be kill'd, Lawrence.—Naw I wunt, 'tis zaw whit, bezides I hant a had my nap out. Lawrence, I da za thee bist a bad un, ool thee hire what I da za? come now and let I scoose wi. Lord a massy upon me, Lawrence, whys'n thee let I up?—Caz I wunt. What muss'n I ha an hour, like aither vawk, ta ate my bird an cheese?—I do za I wunt, an zow 'tis niver tha near to keep on. Maester tawl'd I nif I war a good bway, a'd gee I iz awld waskil, an I'm shower, nif a da come an vine I here, and tha sheep a bawk into the vive-an-twenty yacres, a'll vling't awa vust. Lawrence do'ee let me up—vol'ee, do'ee?—Naw, I can't let thee goo eel. Maester 'll be shower to come and catch me, Lawrence, doose thee hire? I da za ool let me up? I zeed farmer Haggit zoon ater I upt, an a zed nif I voun one o' my sheep in tha vive-an-twenty yacres, a'd drash I za long as a cood ston over me, an wi a groun ash too. There zum o'm be a gwon droo tha vive-an-twenty-yacres inta tha drawe. Tha'll be pound, Larence. I'll gee thee a peny nif ool let me up.—Naw, I wunt. Thic not sheep ha got tha scab. Dame tawl'd I ta mine tha scab water. I vorgot it. Maester war despers'd cross, an I war glad ta git out o' tha langth o' his tongue; I da hate such cross vawk. Larence, what ool niver let I up? There, zum o' tha sheep be a gwon into Leek-beds, an zum o'em be in Hounlake, dree or vour o'em be gwon za vur as Slow-wa, the ditches be mennyn o'm za dry 'tis all now rangel common. There, I'll gee thee dree ha pence ta let I goo, Lawrence. Why thee hass'n bin here an hour and vor what shood I let thee goo; I

da za lie still. Larence, why doos'n let I up, there zim ta I ? I da hire thic pirty maid, Fanny o' Drimmer hill, a chidin vin I be a lying here while tha sheep be gwaing droo thee shord or tuther shord, zum o'm a-ma-be be a drown'd. Larence, doose thee think I can bear tha betwitten o' thic pirty maid ? She, tha primrawse o' primrawse hill, tha lily o' tha level, tha gawl cup o' tha mead, tha zweetest honey zuckle in tha garden, tha yarly vilet, tha rawse o' rawses, tha pirty poley-antice, whun I zeed er last, she said, " Ben, do'ee mine tha sheep, an the yows, an lams, an than *zumbody* ool mine you. Wi that she gid me a beautiful spreg o' jessamy jist a pickt from the poorch." Tha smile war za zweet ; Lawrence, I mus goo, I ool goo, you must let I up, I 'ont stay here na longer, Maester 'll be shower to come an drash me. Thic awld cross fella wi iz awld waskil. There, Larence, I'll gie thee thether penny, an that's ivry yard'n I a got, oot let I goo ? Naw, I mus ha a penny moor. Lawrence, do let I up. Creeplin Philip 'll be shower to catch me. Thic Cockygee, I don't like en at all, a's za rough an za zour. An Will Popham too, betwite me about the maid, a called er a rath ripe Lady Buddick, I don't mislike the name at all, thawf I don't care vor'n a straw nor a read, nor tha thithe of a pin : What da tha call he ? Why tha upright man, cas he da ston upright an'll wrassly too. I don't like such plais, nor single stick nuther, nor squailin, menny games that Will Popham da volley, I'd rather zit in the poorch wi that gissamy rangling roun it, and hire Fanny zing—oot let me up, Larence ?—Naw, I tell thee, I 'ont athout a penny moor. Rawsey Pink too an Nanny Drabby axed I about Fanny, what bisniss had tha ta up wit ; I don't like non o'em ; girnin Jan too shaw'd iz teeth, and put in his verd—I wish theze vawk vod mine thur awn consarns, an let I an Fanny aloane. Lawrence, doose thee mean to let I goo ?—Eese, nif thee'l gee me tuther penny. Why I ha'nt got a yard'n moor, oot let me up ?—Not athout tha penny. Now, Larence, doo'ee ven I ha'nt no moor money, I a bin here moor than a hour, when the yows an tha lams an all tha tothering sheep be how I don't know. Creeplin Phelip ool gee me a lirropin shower anon. There, I do think I heard zummel or zumbody oon the wall.

Here, d——n thee, I'll gee thee tuther penny, said Farmer Titball, leaping down the bank with a stout shiver of a crab tree in his hand. The sequel may be easily imagined.

THE SOMERSETSHIRE MAN'S COMPLAINT

[*From MS. Lansd. 674, fol. 21, Seventeenth Century.*]

Gon's boddikins, 'chill worke no more,
Dost thinke 'chill labor to be poore ?
 No, no, ich have a doe.
If this be now the world and trade,
That I must breake, and rogues be made,
 Ich will a plundring too.

'Chill sell my cart, and cake my plow,
And get a zwird, if I know how,
 For I meane to be right.
'Chill learne to drinke, to sweare, to roare,
To be a gallant, drab, and whore,
 No matter tho' nere fight.

But first a warrant, that is vitt,
From Mr. Captaine I doe gett,
 'Twill make a sore a doo ;
For then 'chave power, by my place,
To steale a horse without disgrace,
 And beate the owner too.

God blesse us what a world is here,
Can never last another yeare,
 Voke cannot be able to zow.
Dost think I ever 'chad the art
To plow my ground up with my cart,
 My bease are all I goe.

Ize had zixe oxen tother day,
And them the Roundheads stole away,

A mischief be their speed.
 I had six horses left me whole,
 And them the Cavileers have stolē,
 God's zores they are both agreed.

Here I doe labor, toile, and zwoat,
 And 'dure the cold, hot, dry, and welt,
 But what dost think I gett?
 Hase just my labor for my paines,
 Thes Garrisons have all the gaines,
 And thither all is vett.

There goes my corne, my beanes, and pease,
 I doe not dare them to displease,
 They doe zoe zwearē and vapor;
 Then to the governor I come,
 And pray him to discharge the some,
 But nought can get to paper.

God's bores, dost think a paper will
 Keep warm my back, and belly fill,
 No, no, goe burne the note.
 If that another yeare my veeld
 No better profit doe me yeeld,
 I may goe cut my throate.

If any money 'chave in zore,
 Then straight a warrant come therfore,
 Or I must plundred be.
 And when 'chave shuffled up one pay,
 There comes a new without delay,
 Was ever the like a zee.

And as this were not grief enow,
 They have a thing called Quarter too,
 Oh, that's a vengeance waster;
 A pox upon't, they call it vree,
 'Cham sure that made us slaves to be,
 And every roage our master.

THE COUNTRYMAN'S RAMBLE THROUGH
BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

[From "Pills to Purge Melancholy," 1719, vol. iii. p. 41—42.]

Adzooks ches went the other day to London town,
In Smithfield such gazing,
Zuch thrusting and squeezing,
Was never known.

A zitty of wood, some volk do call it Bartledom Fair,
But ches zure nought but kings and queens live there.

In gold and zilver, zilk and velvet each was drest,
A lord in his zatting
Was buisy prating,
Among the rest :

But one in blew jacket came, which some do Andrew call,
Adsheart, talk'd woundly wittily to them all.

At last, cutzooks, he made such sport I laugh'd aloud,
The rogue, being fluster'd,
He flung me a custard,
Amidst the croud :

The volk vell a laughing at me ; then the vezen zaid,
Bezure, Ralph, give it to Doll, the dairy-maid.

I zwallowed the affront, but staid no longer there ;
I thrust and I scrambled,
Till further I rambled,
Into the Fair.

Where trumpets and bagpipes, kettle-drums, fiddlers, were
all at work,

And the cook zung, Here's your delicate pig and pork.

I look'd around, to see the wonders of the vair,
Where lads and lasses,
With pudding-bag arses,
Zo nimble were ;

Heels over head, as round as a wheel they turn'd about,
Old Nick zure was in their breeches without doubt.

Most woundy pleas'd, I up and down the vair did range,

To zee the vine varies,

Play all their vagaries,

I vow 'twas strange.

I ask'd them aloud, what country little volk they were ?

A cross brat answer'd me, che were cuckold-shire.

I thrust and shov'd along as well as e'er I could,

At last did I grovel,

Into a dark hovel,

Where drink was sold ;

They brought me cans, which cost a penny apiece, adsheart,
I'm zure twelve ne'er could fill a country quart.

Che went to draw her purse, to pay them for their beer,

The devil a penny,

Was left of my money,

Che'll vow and zwear ;

They doft my hat for a groat, then turn'd me out of doors :
Adswounds, Ralph, did ever see zuch rogues and whores.

A LOVE SONG.

[*From the same work, p. 256—257.]*

Sit thee down by me, mine own joy ;

Thouz quite kill me, should'st thou prove coy :

Should'st thou prove coy, and not love me,

Oh ! where should I find out sike a yan as thee.

Ize been at wake, and Ize been at fare,

Yet ne'er found yan with thee to compare :

Oft have I sought, but ne'er could find,

Sike beauty as thine, could'st thou prove kind.

Thouz have a gay gown and go foyn,

With silver shoon thy feet shall shoyn ;

With foyn'st flowers thy crag Ize crown,

Thy pink petticoat soll be laced down.

Weeze yearly gang to the brook side,
 And fishes catch as they do glide :
 Each fish thyn prisoner then shall be,
 Thouz catch at them, and Ize catch at thee.

What mun we do when scrip is fro ?
 Weez gang to the houze at the hill broo,
 And there weez fry and eat the fish ;
 But 'tis thy flesh makes the best dish.

Ize kiss thy cherry lips, and praise,
 Aw the sweet features of thy face ;
 Thy forehead so smooth, and lofty doth rise,
 Thy soft ruddy cheeks, and pratty black eyes.

Ize lig by thee aw the cold night,
 'Thouz want nothing for thy delight :
 'Thouz have any thing if thouz have me,
 And Ize have something that sall please thee.

A SONG ON A WEDDING.

[*From the same work, p. 278—279.*]

Ods hartly wounds, Ize not to plowing, not I, Sir,
 Because I hear there's such brave doing hard by, Sir ;
 Thomas the minstrel he's gan twinkling before, Sir,
 And they talk there will be two or three more, Sir ;
 Who the rat can mind either Bayard or Ball, Sir,
 Or anything at all, Sir, for thinking of drinking i' th' hall, Sir ;
 E'gad not I ! Let master fret it and storm it, I am resolv'd :
 I'm sure there can be no harm in't ;
 Who would lose the zight of the lasses and pages,
 And pretty little Sue so true, when she ever engages ;
 E'gad not I, I'd rather lose all my wages.
 There's my Lord has got the curioucest daughter,
 Look but on her, she'll make the chops on ye water ;
 This is the day the ladies are all about her,
 Some veed her, some to dress and clout her :
 Uds-bud she's grown the veatest, the neatest, the sweetest,
 The pretty littl'st rogue, and all men do say the discreetest.

There's ne'er a girl that wears a head in the nation,
 But must give place zince Mrs. Betty's creation ;
 She's zo good, zo witty, zo pretty to please ye,
 Zo charitably kind, zo courteous, and loving, and easie :
 That I'll be bound to make a maid of my mother,
 If London town can e'er zend down zuch another.
 Next my Lady in all her gallant apparel ;
 Ize not forget the thumping thund'ring barrel ;
 There's zuch drink the strongest head cannot bear it,
 'Twill make a vool of zack, or white wine, or claret :
 And zuch plenty, that twenty or thirty good yellows,
 May tipple off their cups, until they lie down on their pillows ;
 Then hit off thy vrock, and don't stand scratching thy head zo,
 For thither I'll go, cods —— because I have said so.

MERRY TALES.

[From "The Bristol Garland," 12mo. n. d.]

OF A SCHOLAR AND A TAPSTER ON A WINTER'S NIGHT.

THE tapster said, sir, will you go to bed ? No (quoth the scholar), there are thieves abroad, and I will not willingly be taken napping. So the tapster left him, and being gone, in came a spirit into the chamber, with his head under his arm, so that he durst not stir, but cryed out, Help ! help ! fire ! thieves ! thieves ! So when they of the house came to him they asked what was the matter ? Oh ! (quoth he) the devil was here, and spoke to me with his head under his arm, but now I will go to bed, and if he comes again I will send him to the tapster to help him to make false reckonings. It being a cold night (quoth he) I will first put fire to toe, that is, I will warm my toes by the fire, then I'll go to bed. And so he did, and a great reckoning the next morning put the scholar out of his jest, saying, that was in earnest made two large a reckoning, he being but poor Sir John of Oxford.

OF A FELLOW'S LARGE NOSE.

DOWN in the west country, a certain conceited fellow had a great nose, so a countryman coming by with a sack of corn justled him, saying, your nose stands in my way ; whereupon the other fellow, with the great nose, took his nose in his hand, and held it on the other side, saying, a pox on thee, go and be hang'd.

A MAN CROSSED IN EVERY WAY.

ONCE there was a company of gypsies that came to a countryman on the highway, and would needs tell him his fortune ; amongst other things they bid him assure himself his worst misfortunes were past, and that he should not be troubled with crosses as he had been : so coming home, and having sold a fine cow at the market, he looked in his purse for the money, thinking to have told his wife, but he found not so much as one cross in his purse ; whereupon he remembered the words of the gypsies, and said, that the gypsies had said true, that he should not be troubled with any crosses, seeing that they had picked his pockets and left not a cross purse. Whereupon his wife basted and cudgelled him so soundly that he began to perceive that a man that had a cursed wife would never be without a cross, tho' he had never a penny in his purse : and because it was winter time, he sat a while by the fire side, and after went to bed supperless and pennyless.

THE NINTH ODE OF HORACE.

[*From Collins' Miscellanies, 4to. Bristol, 1762, p. 114—116.*]

'Why, rot the Dick ! zee Dundry's Peak
Lucks like a shuggard motherin-cake ;
The boughs are ready to tear with snew,
And the vrawz'd brucks vorget to flaw.

A zwingen vrawst ! why, make more vire,
 Faggot on faggot heap,—dost hire ?
 Zens we can't make the chimbly wider,
 We'll help to make it up with syder.

The dubble jugg—dwon't degg thy head,
 What's all the world whun we be dead ?
 Zucks fill the cup, we'll drownd all sorrow,
 And never thenk about to-morrow.

I'm shower he's right that lives to-da,
 Woo'l zeng and dance, and kiss and pla ;
 We must graw auld, thease head graw white,
 To pleasure then a long good night.

Now Dick's the time to mind thy sport,
 And jovial be the life that's short ;
 Horses and hounds by da delight,
 And Sall can merry meak thy night.

Whisper the jead, what Sally, vlees,
 But her laf tells thee where she is :
 In some dark corner, Dick, she'll lurk,
 A corner fitting for the wruk.

There will she gee thee all her charms ;
 Thou'l vind a welcome to her arms :
 Perhaps she'll za she'll make a naiz,
 Don't mind her, Dick, I knew her ways.

Struggle she may a little while,
 Seem crass, and vor the world, wont smile :
 She's all thy own, snatch any thing,
 And tho' she squeeks, you'll have her ring.

Besides these pieces may be mentioned a Clown's Song, in Brome's " Songs and other Poems," 12mo. Lond. 1661; and a Dialogue in the " Garland of Good Will," reprinted by Percy. See Mr. Russell Smith's " Bibliographical List," 1839, p. 18.

